



# WHERE THERE'S A WILL

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### AUTHOR OF

#### THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, WHEN A MAN MARRIES

##### ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

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### CHAPTER I.

When it was all over Mr. Sam came out to the spring-house to say good-by to me before he and Mrs. Sam left. I hated to see him go, after all we had been through together, and I suppose he saw it in my face, for he came over close and stood looking down at me, and smiling. "You saved us, Minnie," he said, "and I needn't tell you we're grateful; but do you know what I think?" he asked, pointing his long forefinger at me. "I think you've enjoyed it even when we were suffering most. Red-headed women are born to intrigue, as the sparks fly upward."

"Enjoyed it?" I snapped. "I'm an old woman before my time. Mr. Sam! What with trailing back and forth through the snow in the shelter-house, and not getting to bed at all some nights, and my head going by fits and starts, as you may say, and half the time my spinal marrow fairly chilled, not to mention putting on my over-ones every morning from force of habit and having to take them off again, I'm not sure I don't think I've been the making of you, Minnie," he said, eyeing me, with his hands in his pockets. "Look at your cheeks! Look at your disposition! I don't believe you'd stay anybody in the back now!"

(Which was a joke, of course; I never stabbed anybody in the back.) He opened the door and a blast of February wind rattled the window-frames. Mr. Sam threw out his hands under his sweater and waved me another good-by.

"Well, I'm off, Minnie," he said. "Take care of yourself and don't sit too tight on the job; learn to rise a bit in the saddle."

"Good-by, Mr. Sam!" I called, putting down Miss Patty's dolly and following him to the door; good-by; better have something before you start to keep your wits about you."

He turned at the corner of the path and grinned back at me. "All right," he called. "I'll go down to the bar and get a lettuce sandwich."

Then he was gone, and happy as I was, I knew I would miss him terribly. It began when the old doctor died. I suppose you have heard of Hope Sanatorium and the mineral spring that made it famous.

I have been spring-house girl at Hope Sanatorium for fourteen years. For the first year or so I nearly went crazy. Then I found things were coming my way. I've got the kind of mind that never forgets a name or face and can combine them properly, which isn't common. And when folks came back I could call them at once. The old doctor used to say my memory was an asset to the sanatorium.

He was in the habit of coming to the spring-house every day to get his morning glass of water and read the papers. For a good many years it had been his custom to sit there, in the winter by the wood fire and in summer just inside the open door, and to read off the headlines aloud while I cleaned around the spring and polished glasses.

him, you and I, but everything has been quiet lately. "I'm not objecting to Mr. Dick coming here, am I? Only don't expect me to burst into song about it. Shut the door behind you when you go out."

"But he didn't go at once. He stood watching me polish glasses and get the card-table ready, and I knew he had something on his mind. "What has Mr. Dick been up to now?" I asked, growing suspicious. "Nothing. But I'm an old man, Minnie. I've been here a good many years, Minnie."

"Fourteen years I have been lading out water at this spring," I said, trying to keep my lips from trembling. "I wouldn't be at home any place else, unless it would be in an aquarium. But don't ask me to stay here and help Mr. Dick sell the old place for a summer hotel. For that's what he's doing."

"He won't sell it," declared the old doctor grimly. "All I want is for you to promise to stay."

"Oh, I'll stay," I said. "I won't promise to be agreeable, but I'll stay. Somebody'll have to look after the spring; I reckon Mr. Dick thinks it comes out of the earth just as we sell it, with the whole pharmacopoeia in it."

Well, it made the old doctor happy, and I'm not sorry I promised, but I've got a joint on my right foot that throbs when it is going to rain or I am going to have bad luck, and I don't know if I might have known there was trouble ahead. It was pretty quiet in the spring-house that day after the old doctor died. I drew a chair in front of the fire and wondered what I would do if the old doctor died, and what a fool I'd been not to be a school-teacher, which is what I studied for. I was thinking to myself bitterly that my experience in the spring fitted me for what was to be a mermaid when I heard something running down the path, and it turned out to be Tillie, the diet cook.

She slammed the door behind her and threw the Finleyville evening paper at me. "There!" she said. "I've won a cake of toilet soap from Bath-house Mike. The emperor's consented."

"Nonsense!" I snapped, and snatched the paper. "Tillie was right; the emperor had! I sat down and read it through, and there was Miss Patty's picture in an oval and the prince's in another, with a turned-up mustache and his hand on the handle of his sword, and between them both was the Austrian emperor."

Well, I sat there and thought it over, Miss Patty, or Miss Patricia, being, so to speak, a friend of mine. They'd been to the Springs every winter for years. In my washstand drawer I'd kept all the clippings about her coming out and the winter she spent in Washington and was supposed to be engaged to the president's son, and

over and kissed me. I could hardly believe it. "Hello, Minnie," he exclaimed. "Does the old doctor come back to do the spring, or do you do it?" "I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Thoburn," I retorted sharply. "If you don't know that this spring has its origin in

"In Schmidt's drug store down in Finleyville!" he finished for me. "Oh, I know all about that spring, Minnie! Don't forget that my father's cows used to drink that water and liked it. I leave it to you," he said, sniffing. "If a self-respecting cow wouldn't die of thirst before she drank that stuff as it is now."

I'd been filling him a glass—it being a matter of habit with me—and he took it to the window and held it to the light. "You're getting careless, Minnie," he said, squinting at it. "Some of those drugs ought to be dissolved first in hot water. There's a lump of lithia in Schmidt's pharmacy label on it."

"Where?" I demanded, and started for it. He laughed at that, and putting the glass down, he came over and said, "That's a girl. You're a newcomer in the family, Mr. Van Alstyne; you don't remember the time he went down here to the station to see his Aunt Agnes off to the city, and we found him three weeks later in Oklahoma trying to marry a widow with five children."

"I'll have to tell my wife," he said. "Who's running the place, anyhow? You?"

"Not exactly," I explained. "But, of course, when anything comes up they consult me. The housekeeper is a fool, and now that the house doctor's gone—"

"Well, most of them have been here before," I explained, "and I know their treatment—the kind of baths and all that."

"Oh, you know the treatment?" he said, eyeing me. "And why did the house doctor go?"

"He ordered Mr. Moody to take his spring water hot. Mr. Moody's spring water has been ordered cold for eleven years," he said, looking down. "It was between the doctor and me, Mr. Van Alstyne."

"Oh, of course," he said, "if it was a matter of principle." He picked up his hat and looked at his watch. "Eleven thirty," he said, "and no sign of that puppy yet. I guess it's up to the police."

"If there was only something to do," I said, with a lump in my throat, "but to have to the guests waded down the old place; it's—it's awful, Mr. Van Alstyne."

"We're not dead yet," he replied from the door, "and maybe we'll need you before the day's over. If anybody can call the old horse to shore, you can do it, Minnie. You've been steering for years. The old doctor was a navigator, and you and I know it."

The storm stopped a little at three and most of the guests waded down through the snow for bridge and spring water. By that time the afternoon train was in, and no Mr. Dick. Mr. Sam was keeping the lawyer, Mr.

Stitt, in the billiard room, and by four o'clock they'd had everything that was in the bar and were inventing new combinations of their own. And Mrs. Sam had gone to bed with a nervous headache.

Senator Biggs brought the mail down to the spring-house at four, but there was nothing for me except a note from Mr. Sam, rather shaky, which said he'd not word yet and that Mr. Stitt had mixed all the cordials in the bar in a big glass and had had to go to bed.

I nearly went crazy that afternoon. I put salt in Miss Cobb's glass when she always drank the water plain. I was a little drunk, and I started to sweep the porch with a fire log. Luckily they were busy with their letters and it went unnoticed, the smell of burning straw not rising, so to speak, above the sulphur of the spring.

Senator Biggs went from one table after all merely a kind of mechanical narcotic, scarcely less dangerous than the poppy juice of the so-called soothing syrup. The baby should be put to bed in the dark and allowed to go to sleep naturally. Cradle rocking, say the connoisseurs of the anti-rocking decree, may cause a child to grow up unhealthy, exacting and petulant. A baby is boreable!

World's Largest Concrete Arches. With the general use of concrete in construction work, engineers have been steadily increasing the length of the huge arch in which this material is the principal supporting power, says Engineering News.

Mr. Sam came in and slammed the door behind him, and trying to do the other men to starve with him. "What's this about Mr. Dick not being here?" he shouted. "Well, he isn't. That's all there is to it, Mr. Van Alstyne," I said calmly. "But he must be here," he said. "I put him on the train myself yesterday, and waited until it started to be sure he was off."

"Exactly what he was doing when you last laid eyes on him?" I asked. "He was on the train—"

"Sitting?"

"No, standing. What the deuce, Minnie—"

"Waving out the window to you?"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Mr. Van Alstyne testily. "He was raising the window for a girl in the next seat."

"Precisely!" I said. "Would you know the girl well enough to trace her?"

"That's ridiculous, you know," he said, trying to get up. "One of a thousand and one things that may have detained him—"

CHAPTER III. I have never reproached Miss Patty, but if she had only given me the letter to read or had told me the whole truth instead of a part of it, I would have understood it and then I would have been different. It is all very well for her to say that I looked worried enough already, and that anyhow it was a family affair. I should have been said.



### MME. MERRI'S ADVICE

SUGGESTIONS FOR ENTERTAINMENTS AND OTHER THINGS.

November Party May Be Made One of the Most Enjoyable of the Year—For Those Fond of Football.

The man who said that November brought the "saddest days in the year" has another think coming, for while it brings colder weather, gray skies and shakes the last leaves off the trees with its piercing blasts, it also brings the reopening of the social season, with blaring fires and all the cosiness of the home circle drawn around the lighted center table.

At the end of the month comes our own great feast day and glad holiday, for we sit at our hearts for Thanksgiving.

It seems to me that Japanese affairs are especially fitting for this month, with chrysanthemums plentiful (which they love). Such parties are always effective and pleasing to one's guests. To make the room as really Japanese as possible much of the furniture should be removed, partitioning off spaces where necessary with Japanese paper screens. Use flowering shrubs, almond blossoms (artificial), chrysanthemums and bird terraces suspended by invisible black threads.

The hostess must bow very low three times, saying "Konichiwa" when the guests arrive and "Sayonara" when they leave. Tea should be served with no cream; use cups without handles. Sponge cakes may be served if rice ones are not obtainable, also preserved ginger. If something cold is wished have cherry ice. Those who assist should wear kimono.

Have some young girls in Japanese costumes play "bag ball" (dama). Have a number of brightly-colored bags filled with dried beans. Each girl tries to keep as many as she can going as possible without dropping them. An other amusing game is played by means of a long silk scarf, in the center of which is a loose knot or loop held midway between the two players who hold the scarf ends the floor. On one side of the loop a player sits. On the other side is a small object, a flower, a bean bag, even a thimble. The player who sits by the loop tries to slip her hand through, grab the small article and take her hand back again before those holding the loop can draw it tight and make her hand prisoner.

A Football Party. Boys, and especially the girls, are greatly interested in football these days; in fact a little chap only ten who had to go to the hospital for an operation was so keen about a forthcoming game that his one desire was to "get back" in time to witness it. I read of such a pretty party in one of the magazines some years ago that just fitted this season of the year, and I am going to tell you a little about it, as I recall some of the ways it was carried out. I feel sure that the up-to-date girls who may want to give a similar affair will have no trouble in working it out. I must confess I am not a "fan," so have no personal knowledge of how to use the terms correctly. I do know that the favor departments of the stores show cunning little footballs to be used as containers for nuts or candies, and there are pennants galore, so all well-known colleges and many high schools are represented. A large football may form the centerpiece, from which ribbons (team or school colors) may run to smaller footballs at each place. The names of guests may be printed on the sides and so be used for place cards.

MADAME MERRI.

### LATEST IN AUTUMN MODELS

Dark Red Shantung Makes One of the Prettiest of Gowns for the Afternoon.

The gown shown, which is fashioned from dark red shantung, is a new autumn model, becoming and attractive. A new curved girder is shown in this which promises popularity later.

This is piped with a narrow, richly colored embroidered corresponding to the yoke. The vest front is filled with narrow ruffles of lace. The sleeves reach to the elbow, where they join long undersleeves of self-toned tulle. The skirt of this gown is a popular type for fall, closing to the left with a lapped slash showing the lining.

glimpes of the ankles and slightly pleated into the girder at back and front.

Pot-Pouri Crazes. The craze for pot-pouri which began a year ago is intensifying, not lessening, and one may now buy it from the regular perfume manufacturer. An American product bearing a French name, which translated

reads "All My Garden." It is refreshing and delicious in its fragrance and not so costly that one need hoard it too closely, for it is within easy price, and thus permits renewal.

Small containers of pot-pouri made of mica are for sale at 15 cents each. These are planned to place with the linen. Each container has perforations through which the scent penetrates.

These mica boxes are either round or square, and are intended to be used for either. The pot-pouri in these, however, is not very strong in aroma, though of pretty color. It is labeled English, but appears to be the same as that which last year sold for Egyptian.

Home-Grown Rugs. Two beautiful fur rugs were on the floor, of a pale fawn color, and suggestive of doe skins. But, as it proved, they were from the farm, and had originally been on the backs of some very pretty Jersey calves. When in the course of events the calf had no further use for his coat, it was skinned and the hide was then it was lined and laid upon the floor.

Wool Embroidery. The new wool embroidery promises to add much beauty to fall and winter gowns, blouses and coats. They are even being used on household articles such as pillows, scarfs and table covers. The futurist and post impressionist influences are also being seen in the color combinations. Shetland, German town yarn or a fine-needle tapestry wool are best for the new wool embroidery.

### PRETTY GOWN



Model of black velvet with corsage of white wool brocade. Lace jacket and collar.

### DICTATES OF FASHION

Marigold yellow is one of the new colors in Paris. Plush and velvet are much used for children's hats. Wide white belts are seen made of kid or suede leather. Wool brocades are being used, even for young girls' suits. Persian effects will be seen galore on the new autumn gowns. New black braids have the basket weave and suggest astrakhan. A new braid is the combination of dark gray and black. Even for autumn women are wearing white net waists with frills down the front. Some of the new separate skirts are made of a jacquard wool and prettily draped.

White Chiffon Blouse. There are many new shirt waists in the shops, but the favorite one is of white chiffon cloth, the thin transparent fabric that is about twice as thick as the ordinary chiffon. The waist is made simply. It has a broad yoke across the back, to which the material is gathered, and a loose sleeve that ends in wide, turnover cuffs at the wrists. The fronts are also gathered and there are no armholes. This new kind of kimono sleeves is very much in fashion and especially for the evening. A new net blouse has two thicknesses of the material and is fastened with ordinary pearl buttons as large as a 25-cent piece. The turnover cuffs are fastened with two of these buttons used as links. They are joined by strands of silk cord.

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when one sits down. The Drecoil coat lasted very well indeed, and this new one is made much after the same manner.

The coat is all black; even the tulle ruffle at the neck matches, for few of the great dressmakers are combining black and white. Here and there one sees a remarkable gown in the black and white direction, but the material will be used as a train, or a flowing gown over a white lace or tulle foundation.

There seems to be no doubt, however, that stripes are bound to be in the ascendency, but not at the present moment. They merely are introduced as it were, to get before the public and gain a hearing. The dark Roman stripes are used, but only for one garment, such as a skirt, or as a piece of garment, like the immense pear-shaped sleeves which almost take up the whole of the bodies. Pouch bags of silk or leather have pannier handles to match. Wash frocks are best for the little girl's first days of school.

### "FAKED" THE CITY FATHERS

Hotel Man Selected Well-Dressed Guests to Form Reception Committee for President.

The Cape May correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch sends in the following reminiscence: George W. Boyd, who occupies a handsome beach front cottage of colonial architecture in the next block to the mammoth Hotel Cape May, and Mr. Frank A. Richardson, a retired Washington newspaper correspondent who for many years a representative of the Baltimore Sun at the National capital, were telling stories of old Cape May in the lobby of the New Hotel Cape May the other night.

They recalled an incident of the reception at old Congress hall, destroyed by fire in 1879, of President Grant on his first visit to Cape May. The proprietors of the hotel were J. Frank Calkins, long a hotel man of Washington, and Waters B. Miller, a native of Cape May, and at the time the mayor of the resort. Miller was

a man of original ideas and he decided that if the common councilmen of Cape May were to receive the president, they would have to abandon their boots with their pantaloons tucked inside of them, their blue shirts for boiled shirts, and old caps for high hats. Miller, knowing the opposition which would be put up by the local city fathers, picked out among his patrons at the Congress hotel nine best dressed men to pass them off as the city council of Cape May, and they received President Grant on his first visit to Cape May in 1876. While Grant congratulated them upon their fine appearance, it was believed that he saw the joke, but never gave the least intimation that he was being deceived as to the resort's government.

Their Calculations Upset. Sir George Biddell Airy, British astronomer royal, told the pioneers of the first Atlantic cable that it was a mathematical impossibility to submerge the cable to the necessary depth, and if it were possible no signals could travel through so great a

distance. Sir George was also asked about the possibility of making Big Ben, the great clock in the tower above the houses of parliament, so trustworthy that it would not lose five seconds a day on the average. He replied that no clock exposed to the weather could run with so small an error. The late Lord Grimthorpe, however, said he would guarantee that degree of exactness, and by designing his gravity escapement he produced a timepiece that is never five seconds out with the observatory at Greenwich, to which it signals its time each day, and on most days is dead true.

"Wanted—A Collaborator." That all persons of artistic or literary aspirations are not as impractical as they are generally supposed to be, is proved by the following advertisement, which says the Boston Herald, recently appeared in a morning paper: "Wanted—A collaborator, by a young lady playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."

### BABIES INJURED BY ROCKING

English Mothers Are Being Told That They Should Stop This Time-Honored Practice.

The hand that rocks the cradle and, incidentally and metaphorically, rules the world is no longer to enjoy undisturbed these notable functions. The anti-rocking movement has begun vigorously in London, the opening declaration of hostilities having been made in a letter addressed to mothers by the public health department of the city of London. This document most solemnly adjures mothers never to rock the baby. It is here set forth that rocking the baby to sleep, far from being the wholesome and altogether admirable performance we have been taught through centuries to believe, is one that is rankly diabolic in possibilities. Rocking the baby to sleep, it is averred, is likely to set up various digestive disorders, it stupefies the child and may breed in him or her various bad habits. A healthy child, it is averred, requires no rocking to sleep, the rocking being

after all merely a kind of mechanical narcotic, scarcely less dangerous than the poppy juice of the so-called soothing syrup. The baby should be put to bed in the dark and allowed to go to sleep naturally. Cradle rocking, say the connoisseurs of the anti-rocking decree, may cause a child to grow up unhealthy, exacting and petulant. A baby is boreable!

World's Largest Concrete Arches. With the general use of concrete in construction work, engineers have been steadily increasing the length of the huge arch in which this material is the principal supporting power, says Engineering News.

For two years the 225-foot Risorgimento arch across the Tiber at Rome has been the longest reinforced-concrete span in the world, taking the title from the 320-foot Grafton arch at Auckland, New Zealand, completed in 1911. The new arch, completed in 1913, is a "T" arch, the largest masonry arch in the 320-foot span at Langewitz, on the meter-gauge railway between Chur and Arosa. Read the records of the "largest